

Licking Valley Courier.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents a Year.

Published for the People Now on Earth and Printed for Them Every Thursday.

Always Cash in Advance.

VOLUME 12, NO. 5,

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 18, 1921.

WHOLE NUMBER 577.



DEMOCRATIC TICKET.
For State Senator—
DR. J. D. WHITEHEAD
For Circuit Judge—
D. W. GARDNER
For Commonwealth's Attorney—
C. C. ALLEN
For County Judge—
J. C. MAY
For County Attorney—
JAS. V. HENRY
For County Clerk—
LYNN B. WELLS
For County Court Clerk—
E. M. WILLIAMS
For Circuit Court Clerk—
J. D. LYKINS
For Sheriff—
D. H. PERRY
For Justice—
JOHN A. FAIRCHILD
For Tax Commissioner—
A. F. BLEVINS

High School Announcement.
The Morgan County High School will meet for the opening session Monday, August 20th, at 8:00 o'clock. After organizing, the school will adjourn until Monday, September 5th when regular work will begin. All pupils near West Liberty are expected to be present for enrollment, for assignment of work and to receive instructions regarding text books needed. Pupils living at a distance will not be required to report until September 5th.
The prospect for this year's session is very promising. Enrollment last year reached 325. We hope to pass that mark this year. Pupils throughout the country who expect to enter High School during the year, should try to start in September. They will find this a great advantage.
Patrons and teachers are invited to be present as this is also the week of Teacher's Institute.
S. H. MCGUIRE,
Principal.

Marvin Hill, traveling salesman for Crump & Fields, of Ashland, was in town Wednesday and Thursday talking groceries to our merchants.
H. D. and Shaffer of Roynton, and Roy Back, of Cuckand, were visiting Gardner Spunk several days last week.

New Chevrolet Prices Effective July 7, 1921

F. B. Touring Car	\$ 975
F. B. Roadster	975
"4-90" Touring Car	625
"4-90" Roadster	625
Sedan	1195
Coupe	1155
Light Delivery Wagon	625

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

WEST LIBERTY GARAGE & SALES CO
Phone 8 West Liberty, Ky

LADIES, JUST WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR! GENUINE CUT GLASS

At Prices that you can afford to pay.
Beautiful Sunburst Pattern. Only a limited amount. Get it while it is possible here.

Groceries and Dry Goods, Too
R. M. OAKLEY

Circuit Court.
The second week of Circuit Court is under way and this has been one of the best terms for the suppression of crime that we have had in years.
The grand jury is making a large number of indictments and in cases for liquor selling the indicted persons are arrested and tried at this term. A number have been tried and fined and as fast as the grand jury finds an indictment for liquor selling a bench warrant is issued and the party arrested and brought for trial.
The cases that were made last court are being tried and the fines assessed are heavy, especially for drunkenness and liquor selling.
This court is proving that all the propaganda that was circulated previous to the primary was mere political buncombe, for never in the history of the county has so many fines been assessed nor as many indictments made. Most of the fellows who were indicted for drunkenness are glad to submit the law and facts and pay \$25.00 and the costs and in addition tell the grand jury where they bought the liquor.
There was practically no evidence of drinking at this term of the court and the primary had almost no evidence of the drinking of liquor. That Judge Gardner and Mr. Arnett and the other officials have gotten the liquor traffic on the run is evident to even those who were so loud in their denunciation before the primary, and it is being admitted on every side that the law is being rigidly enforced and that the situation is well under control.
The Courier will give a full account of the court proceedings in next issue.

FLAT WOODS
Montie Frisby, who has been working at Hardburly, has returned home. Rollie Oakley, of Middletown, Ohio drove through in his machine and made his mother a short visit.
Mr. and Mrs. Dillard DeHavens were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Henry Sunday.
Miss Beulah Whitt, who is teaching the Carter school, is ill at present.
Misses Leula McKinney and Madeline McGuire attended the burial of Annas Wells, at Licking River Sunday. Quite a large crowd from this place attended the meeting at Miss Sunday.
Mrs. T. H. Henry and little son Harold, were the guests of Mrs. E. A. Henry the first of the week.
We want to congratulate the will be County Attorney on his success.
Say people if you want to get rid of the "blues" just read the "Licking Valley Courier." For it is sure a good remedy. We wish it could come twice a week instead of once.
GOO GOO EYES.
Miss Christine Swetnam, of Louisville, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. G. Oakley, for several days this week.
Rev. D. W. Perkins, of Cannel City, was in town Tuesday and paid the Courier office a pleasant call.

Uncle Walt's Story

Walt Mason

PLEASURE OF GIVING

"SKIMBACK, the banker, is acquiring quite a reputation as a philanthropist," observed the druggist. "He's always giving to somebody or something, and I notice that the sickening details always get into print. He believes in keeping his left hand posted as to what his right hand is doing, and nobody ever will see him concealing any of his lights under a bushel."
"I'm sorry to hear you refer to that great and good man in sarcastic terms," said the village patriarch. "Every day I hear similar remarks concerning him, and I think it a poor appreciation of his generosity. As you say, he's always giving, and it's a small business to look a gift horse in the mouth, as the psalmist says. If he hires a man with a megaphone to announce his benefactions, he isn't hurting anybody."
"Caustic things are said of every philanthropist who manages to get some advertising out of his liberality, but it's my opinion that you'll have to hunt a long time, with a searchlight and a pair of gumshoes, before you find the man who enjoys doing good by stealth. If you do find him, he will prove to be a freak, and it will be your duty to see him returned to the asylum from which he escaped."
"We are all more or less hungry for the approbation of our friends and fellow citizens. And I am glad to see. If we didn't care three whoops what our friends thought of us, we wouldn't paint our houses, or mow our lawns, or trim our whiskers. We wouldn't spend any money for flowers or bottled shirts or any of the things which make life beautiful and attractive. If a man spends a lot of money for a gorgeous lawn, with real trees and expensive flowers, and all sorts of ornaments, he's doing it because he wants to be praised by the people who see it all. You don't see any such lawns in lonesome rural districts. There the front yard always is a calf pasture."
"The farmer reasons that it's no use having a pretty lawn, for there's no body to admire it. Nobody ever goes past the place except an occasional lightning rod agent or a man who is taking orders for fruit trees."
"Why don't you sneer at the town man who puts so much money into beautiful grounds? It's all a grandstand play. He expects to get advertising out of it, and he does, and he deserves it. We shouldn't criticize any man who is doing good, even if we don't like his methods."
"Some people say that Skimback is trying to atone for all the sinfulness of his past career. It is argued that until recent years he never gave away anything, but was after the dollars by day and night, and didn't care who got hurt so he overtook and captured them. They tell of mortgages he foreclosed, causing unspeakable suffering here and there. He is accused of resorting to every dark trick to increase his hoard. Most of the stories probably are bunk, but what if they are true? Now that he shows signs of repentance in his old age we should encourage him in every possible way, and if he gives a photograph to the high school, or puts up a public drinking fountain in the public square, we should tell him he's everybody's darling, and not dig up a lot of ancient history for his confusion."
"I haven't much money to give away, but when I do happen up to the extent of a dollar or two I like to have an audience. I like to imagine that people are saying, 'What a great-hearted, benevolent old geezer he is!' The other morning a man approached me and asked me to contribute something toward putting a new steeple on the church, and I began to explain that church steeples are out of date, when he interrupted to say that the names of all contributors would be printed in the paper, and then I dug up \$5 without further words. And we're all tarred with the same stick, my friends."

Not What She Meant.
Miss De Vere—Yes, he actually said your cheeks were like roses.
Miss Vane (delightedly)—That's lying it on pretty thick.
Miss De Vere—Yes; he remarked about that, too.
Hard to Blend.
Mr. Peavish says that although he would be the last man on earth to criticize any lady of his acquaintance nevertheless he has never met one who could successfully combine the high-school giggle with the middle-aged spread.—Dallas News.
An Expert.
"Are you a skilled chauffeur?"
"Yes, sir! Why, I've been in nine collisions and run over five persons and every time I got away before any body could get my number!"

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are sending out statements to all of our subscribers who are in arrears for the Courier. We trust that if you receive a statement you will not neglect to promptly remit the small amount you owe. Owing to the change in the business and the arrangements in the deal we will have to depend largely upon the subscription list for running expenses until the advertising and job work receipts accumulate.

The amount you owe on subscription is small, but remember that there are several hundred who owe us and that if each of you think that the little amount you owe will not make much difference it will seriously handicap us for awhile.

Advertising is collected usually only quarterly and it will require some time before we begin to receive a regular income from that source, so that the job printing and subscription will have to carry us through until such time as the advertising accounts have accumulated to a revenue paying condition.

The business is prosperous and the outlook was never more promising, but we need the money due us on subscription at once, and we will greatly appreciate it if you will promptly remit on the receipt of your statement.

DINGUS
Frank and Lawrence Pelfrey, of Dingus, have been discharged from the army and come home.
Drexel, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Patrick, has been seriously ill the past week, but is some better.

Mrs. Ed Baker and Ed. C. Williams, of Dingus, and Mrs. W. O. Pelfrey, of Jephtha, who have been on the sick list, are convalescing.
Union church has chosen M. C. Bailey and Martha Church M. F. Conley, as the delegates to represent the two churches in the Enterprise Association at Hampshire Church, in Geun county, beginning on Friday before the 4th Saturday in August.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. and J. M. Bradley, of Hillsboro, are visiting relatives here and at Mima.
Uncle Elliot Williams is on an extended visit with relatives at Ashland and other places.

R. B. Boen, of Ashland, spent a few days with relatives here and returned home last week.
J. E. Bradley made a business trip to Irvine last week.
Asa Cantrell has moved on John Montgomery's place. Mr. Cantrell has built a house on Ambrose Boen's farm, and they have entered the mercantile business.

Ed Wayne has come home from work at Betsy Lane.
Wellington Frayley has entered on his training course at Lexington. He intends to move there this fall.
Aunt Smith has built a house on Peter Smith's place, at Jephtha, and has entered the mercantile business.

The funeral of Bill Blankenship will be preached at the Staver Smith Association, the fourth Sunday in September, by Elders Hargis Conley, Charles Wheeler, James Yates and Powell Ferguson. Dinner will be served on the ground.
As rain prohibited the regular service at Jephtha, last Sunday, I will hold a call meeting there next Sunday (the third Sunday) to wait on about a half dozen applicants for Baptism.

R. H. FERGUSON.
GOODWIN'S CHAPEL
W. A. Testerman, of Quicksand, who has been visiting relatives at this place, returned to his work this week. Everett Gevedon, of Mt. Sterling, and Carter Lykins, of Ashland, are visiting relatives here and at Caney.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. R. McClure and little son, Ford, of Bonnyman, visited their brother, Robert McClure, from Saturday till Monday and attended the quarterly meeting.
Mr. and Mrs. A. P. McClure and children, Joseph and Elizabeth, of Morehead, are visiting Mrs. McClure's place. Forest Williams left last week for Hartwell, Ohio, where he has a job. He is greatly missed by the community.

Winfred Gevedon, the Rawleigh man, is having erected a stone house for his Rawleigh goods.
Robert V. McClure has been very ill for about a week.
Miss Ada Switzer, of Cincinnati, is visiting her friend, Miss Louva Hours. Rolla Lykins, of West Liberty, spent the week end with his cousin, C. B. Whitt. Rolla is a very frequent visitor at this place any way.

Miss Lucille Williams, of Salem, spent the week end with Mary and Evalena Ferguson.
Bill Perry, of Jones Creek, was calling on Miss Evalena Ferguson Sunday. Don't think we'll get much moonshine as usual after court owing to so many indictments being made. But it seems that this hasn't much effect on the people.

BLONDE & BRUNETTE.
DAN
Mrs. Eliza Richardson is recovering from a severe attack of appendicitis. Rader Mann and family returned to Middletown, O. Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Claude Stacy returned from Mt. Sterling last week, where they had been visiting relatives and hoped for a complete cure soon.

RELIEF
The funeral of Mrs. Martha G. Holbrook was called off Sunday on account of the rain, but will be preached some time between this and November. We would have been glad to have had it preached Sunday, still we are willing for God's will to be done.
Mr. and Mrs. Van Williams, who have been living at Portsmouth, Ohio, have moved into the property of Marvin Hill. Every body greets them with a hearty welcome, for we are certainly glad to have Mr. Williams with us as he is a great minister of the Lord and his help is needed.

Marvin Hill has resigned his position as teacher in the Paint Valley school and accepted a position as traveling salesman for Crump & Fields, Ashland.
Misses Myrtle and Cassie Williams, Elattie Pelfrey and Wallie Williams, of Dingus, visited W. L. Coldiron and family from Saturday till Monday.
Olga Holbrook, of Kewwood, visited her aunt, Mrs. Sarah Hill, from Friday until Monday.

Life Roberts will begin a singing school at Paint Valley next Saturday, August 20th. Every body invited to come.
Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Bond, of Red Bush, visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Van Williams, Saturday night.
Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Bradley, of Fleming, visited their grandson, Russell Bradley, from Saturday till Monday.

A pie social will be given at Paint Valley Saturday night, August 20. Everybody cordially invited.
Forest Hill lost a fine mare last week which he had paid \$900.00 for. Estill Hill has purchased a Ford car. Mrs. Mollie Bradley and Mrs. Sarah Fitt and L. G. Gambill went to West Liberty on business last Wednesday.

VIOLET.
Friends of L. C. Steele will be glad to learn that he has been elected to the position of Principal of the Business Department of Moore College, at Hartford, Conn. Carter is a fine young man and will no doubt make good in his new work.

TO OUR READERS.

Our linotype is not working well this week and will have to have a general overhauling. We will do this as soon as this issue of the paper is off the press and hope to have it in good running order in time to get out next week's issue on time. A few parts are out of adjustment and we will have to try to put it in perfect order. This week we have been so handicapped by its condition that it was almost impossible to get out the paper. The machine is alright, and when in good order is a money saver for us, but we have allowed it to get out of adjustment and can not make any speed with it. We hope to have it in good working order in time to get out next issue of the paper.

New Law Firm.
A new law firm, composed of Everett Mathis and John Henry Williams, has been formed and will shortly announce their business in this paper.
Both these young gentlemen are worthy young men and we bespeak for them a large share of the legal business of this county.

Foundation Completed.
The foundation of the new business block being erected by Judge J. H. Sebastian has been completed and the brick kiln is nearly ready for fire, so that in a short time the work of brick laying will be commenced. This building will be one of the handsomest business buildings in Eastern Kentucky when completed.

INSKO
Charley Hammock, of Hazard, purchased Homer Ferguson's farm last week and moved his family here Saturday. We are very glad to have them among us and hope they will like their new home.

Miss Maxine Whitt, assistant teacher of the school here, visited homefolk at Caney Saturday and Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. James McCarty entertained at their home Sunday afternoon the following: Misses Resina Arnett, Trenna Anderson, Stella Vest and Messrs. George Finch, Garland Frisby, Sam Anderson, Walter Phipps, a Mr. Harper, of Elliot county, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hammond. Every one seemed to enjoy themselves very much.

Several of the boys from here attended the ice cream supper at Cannel City Saturday and all reported a splendid time.
Mrs. W. M. Stamper visited friends and relatives at Malone last week.

Mrs. Edie Lacy is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe McClure, of Grassy Creek.
Messrs. Joe and John Nickell spent a few days last week with their brother, George, at Lennut. We are very glad that they decided to come back to Adele so soon. Do you understand why? That question could be easily answered by the girls at this place.

Dan Perkins, of Stacy Fork, and Press Taulbee, of Salem, were very pleasant visitors here Sunday. There seems to be some attraction here as these young men have been very frequent visitors here for some time.

Miss America May, of Taulbee, who has recently returned from the I. O. O. F. home at Lexington, is visiting friends and relatives here this week.
GWENDOLYN.

CANEY
Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Day and family of Winchester, are visiting Mrs. Day's father, J. R. Day, this week.
Miss Malver Benton visited her aunt Mrs. Harrison Little, of Jackson, a few days last week.

Miss Maggie Singleton is visiting her sister Mrs. Harrison Little, of Jackson, a few days this week. She will go from there with her sister, Mrs. Allen Prater, to Stanford, Conn., whom she will visit and perhaps make her home for awhile.

Mrs. J. L. Arnett is visiting Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Kash, of Frenchburg, this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hall, of Stanton, were called here Sunday by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. Lizzie Adams, she fell Friday, but was thought not to be very serious until death came Sunday A. M. at 7:00 o'clock.

Dr. and Mrs. B. R. Conley, were called to Falcon last week by the sickness and death of Dr.'s niece—Clarence Conley's 13 year old daughter—who died with typhoid.

Mrs. M. Cook is again visiting her husband and son at the Reid Hotel.
Oral Arnett, of Lee City, visited his aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Dykes, Friday.

E. C. Whitt, of Caddo, Okla., is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Whitt.
Whitt Kemplin was a visitor at Bonny Sunday, among friends and relatives.

Miss Reva, the attractive daughter of Elvin Lindon, of Lexington, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Dykes.
Chester Williams left last week for Jeff, where he will work awhile.

Clay Lacy, of West Liberty, was in town the first of the week on business.
Lucian Reid, of West Liberty, was in town Monday evening.

Big Amount of Fines.

The greatest number of fines ever assessed at a term of Circuit Court here have been made this week. Fines aggregating approximately \$2,500 have been secured and about \$1,500 of them have been paid and most of the remainder reprieved. Quite a number have had to go to jail to pay their fines. Most of the convictions were for selling liquor and for drunkenness.

This grand jury has returned more indictments for liquor selling than any previous grand jury and are still in session.

This court has demonstrated what can be done when the public sentiment is aroused. Heretofore it has been difficult to get the citizenship sufficiently interested to do their part, but it seems that the good citizens are at last ready to stand by and help.

R. B. Rankin, county Agent, Frank Arnett, Marvin Carter and Frank Franklin are attending the Agricultural camp at St. Helens this week.

S. H. McGuire left Monday for Fleming to join his wife who has been visiting Miss Edna Lykins there for some days.

Miss Elizabeth Cole returned home from a visit to friends at Ashland Wednesday.

Born, to the wife of Ed Davis, at Forest, on the 13th, a girl.

Henry Elam, of Magoffin county, left Monday for a visit with his children, Carl Elam and Mrs. Lela Wills, of Morehead.

Frank Steele had the misfortune to break a rib while pruning some trees one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Nickell, of Cannel City, were visiting in town one day last week and paid the Courier office a pleasant visit.

Miss Wilma and Nell Nickell returned from a visit with friends at Ashland.

M. K. Reid, of Cannel City, was a business visitor in town one day last week and paid the Courier a brief visit.

Miss Resie Arnett, of Adele, and Miss Lula Stacy, of Cannel City, spent the week end with Miss Jennie Phillips.

ENDURANCE TEST FOR SADDLE HORSES

To Be Held Under Supervision of Government Agencies—Five-Day Test Over 300-Mile Course.

Army men and others who are alive to the country's acute under-supply of first class cavalry and general utility horses, as the shortage of them was brought painfully to light during the recent World War, are looking forward to the Endurance Test for saddle horses set for next October.

This test, designed to promote the breeding of more and better work types, and to improve the material suitable for army remounts, is to be very severe one, conducted by representatives of the War Department, Army Remount Association, Department of Agriculture, and the National Endurance Test Club, National Saddle Horse Club, Arabian Horse Club of America, National Steeplechase and Hunt Association, and American Hackney Horse Society. Also, the conditions make the Endurance Test of special interest to Kentuckians.

The distance (300 miles cross country) to be traversed sixty miles a day for five consecutive days, regardless of weather, over a course to be selected by the committee in charge. Each horse shall carry no less than 245 pounds, made up, according to the rules governing, of the rider's live weight, plus so much dead weight in equipment.

First prize will be \$600, the Mounted Service Cup, Blue Ribbon and the Arabian Horse Club Medal; second prize, \$400 and Red Ribbon; third prize, \$300 and Yellow Ribbon; fourth prize, \$200 and White Ribbon; fifth prize, \$150 and Grey Ribbon; sixth prize \$100 and Black and White Ribbon. Prizes will be awarded on the basis of 60% for condition of the horse and 40% for speed—a standard that points to the bottom and swiftness of the thoroughbred strain as the one likely to produce the winner.

The War Department is giving the keenest interest, because it will further the splendid work of the Army Remount Association and the other patriotic organizations that have undertaken the work of breeding cavalry horses to answer the requirements of the army in times of peace and its imperative demands in war. It is the opinion of experts, based on actual experience during the World War, that thoroughbred blood is necessary to the production of the cavalry mount of requisite speed, courage and endurance. Kentucky, therefore, has a paramount interest, because the fountain-head of the purest thoroughbred strain flows perpetual in this favored land of ours.

LICKING VALLEY COURIER

Subscription, \$1.50 a year, - - - - - Advance payment in advance.

Entered as second-class matter April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Courier Publishing Company.....Owners
HOVERMALE & SON,.....Publishers
L. T. HOVERMALE.....Editor and Manager
A. YOUNG HOVERMALE.....Local News Editor.

Advertising Rates: 25 cents per inch, each insertion. Readers, 7½ cents a line, each insertion. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc. 1 cent a word.

Foreign Advertising Representative.—The American Press Association.

MY DARLING AND I MUST BE DIVORCED.

With last issue of the Courier the control of the business of publishing the newspaper passed from my hands to that of my partner, Mr. L. T. Hovermale and his son, A. Young Hovermale.

Hovermale & Son, as the new firm will be styled, assumes all the indebtedness of the business of Hovermale to them. Certain accounts due the firm for advertising and job work are due me, and those who are to pay me & Elam, and all subscription accounts due are payable will be notified by letter. However, they may be sent directly to the Courier office and the proceeds will be turned over to me.

In leaving the work I desire to say that my relation with Mr. Hovermale have been cordial and there has never been a disagreement between us in the two and one half years that we have been partners. My reasons for selling to him is that I have other business interests that I want to devote my whole time.

I want to thank the people for the cordial support they have given the Courier during the time I have been one of the publishers, and I trust that they will give to the new publishers equally as hearty support. We dissolved the partnership with the same good will and friendliness that we have conducted it for the past two and one-half years, and I shall ever have a good word for Mr. Hovermale and will continue to boost the business at every opportunity.

During the time that I have been engaged in the publishing of the Courier I have learned to love the work, and it is with feeling of sincere regret that I sever my connections with it. It is a prosperous, money-making concern and I hope that the readers will continue loyal and steadfast in their support.

Again I want to thank you all for your kindness to me while I was in the business.

WILLIE ELAM, JR.

AND I ASSUME A LABOR I LOVE.

The acquiring the interest of my partner, Mr. Willie Elam, Jr., in the publishing business of Hovermale & Elam crowns my lifelong ambition. I have always wanted to own and publish a prosperous country newspaper and make it a model of country newspapercraft. I regret exceedingly that Mr. Elam saw fit to sever his connection with the paper. Our relation as partners was a pleasant and harmonious as partnerships are possible to be. It was not that we did not agree that he retired. He had other business interests that he desired to look after and wanted to devote his entire time to them. My sincerest friendship will follow him.

All accounts for subscription are due Hovermale & Son and we are to fill out all subscriptions that are paid ahead. A certain part of the advertising and job accounts are due Mr. Elam, but we understand that and any payment sent to the office will be paid to the proper person.

I have taken my son, Allie Young Hovermale, into the partnership with me and the style of the firm will be Hovermale & Son.

The business is prospering and we intend to push it as much as possible. We had intended to enlarge the paper at once, but owing to the fact that it required a considerable portion of the earnings that were mine to pay Mr. Elam we will have to postpone that for a short while, though it is our intention to make the Courier an eight page paper in the near future.

It will be my ambition to make the Courier the very best newspaper in the mountains. As fast as it can be done new features will be added, and with the very material increase in the operating expenses we hope to add new features. Under the new arrangement the operating expenses will be more than \$30. a week less than before, and that will be put into the business.

Look to your continued support I assume the management with a grateful heart to all of you who have made the Courier possible.

L. T. HOVERMALE.

PUTTING SOME "PEP" IN THE BUSINESS.

This is my first venture into the newspaper business, but what I lack in experience I will make up in "pep", and will try to set an example of "go-aheaditiveness" for Dad.

A. YOUNG HOVERMALE.

PARTY HARMONY PREVAILS.

There is little evidence of soreness over the results of the primary. Practically all the defeated candidates for offices in the Democratic primary are game and take their defeat philosophically and we have heard of no talk of not supporting the nominees.

This is as it should be. When a man goes into a primary he goes into it with the agreement to abide by the results, and it is poor sportsmanship to kick over the traces because of defeat. It was impossible for all to win and the defeated candidates realize that if they had been nominated they would have expected the other fellow to have done the same.

The indications are now that there will be few Democrats in the county who will not fall in line and support the nominees from Circuit Judge down to Constable. In fact, every Democrat who voted in the primary by so doing pledged his honor that he would support all the nominees, and a failure to do so will be as much a breach of word and honor as to repudiate a pledge of any kind.

Democratic success this fall means more to the Democrats than at any time in the past history of the Democratic party, and all true and loyal Democrats realize that fact.

In order to take the burden off the poor the Republicans propose to take off the income tax from the big incomes and give us three cent letter postage.



CHAPTER I.

David Moreland's Mountain.

Carlyle Wilburton Dale—known to himself and a few close friends as Bill Dale—had laid out a course of action almost before the northbound train had left the outskirts of the state capital behind. It occurred facing him odds; but other men had faced big odds and won out, and what others had done he could do. Indeed, he had already done several things which other men might not have thought of doing, and one of them was leaving a bride, not figuratively but literally, at the altar in a fashionable church. But he knew Patricia hadn't wanted to marry him any more than he had wanted to marry her.

It was only natural for him to think of coal, now that he had cut loose for all time from the "set" in which he had always been a colossal misfit, now that he must pull his own oars or virtually perish. He had heard coal talked since the day of his birth; to him coal and business meant exactly the same.

One of his father's associates had often spoken of a fine vein in the mountains of eastern Tennessee—had often tried to persuade his father to look into it, to no avail. Young Dale remembered that this vein lay not far from a long railroad siding called the Halfway Switch, in the vicinity of Big Pine mountain. The owners were mountain folk of English descent, his father's associate had said. Decidedly strange, thought Dale, that his father had never cared to investigate it.

The elderly little train reached the long siding about the middle of a fine spring morning. Dale took up his bag, hastened out, and soon found himself standing alone in the heart of an extremely wild section of country.

When the noises of the little train and the fast mail it had just met had died away, there came the saucy chattering of boomer-squirrels and the sweet twittering of birds. Dale caught the joyous spirit. He could have fairly shouted out of the fullness of his very human heart. Here all was unspoiled and unprofaned, and something whispered within him:

"They won't call you a savage here—make this your own country!"

From somewhere on a nearby mountainside a rifle's keen report split the air; a bullet whined like a mad hornet. Dale's hat jumped a little on his head.

The awakening was exceedingly rude. Dale wheeled, his gray eyes ablaze, and saw only a tiny cloud of smoke-mist rising from the laurels more than fifty feet away.

"Come out, you coward!" he roared. "Come out and let me see you," curiosity taking the place of anger in his voice. "I've always wanted to know just what a real highwayman was like!"

The muffled sound of a twig breaking a short distance off to his left next claimed his attention. He was being closely watched by a pair of the finest, clearest brown eyes he had ever seen. He saw her eyes first; he never forgot that.

She was standing on a low cliff beyond the sparkling creek that flowed beside the railroad, and she was partially hidden by a clump of blooming laurels. But Dale could see that she was about twenty; that every line of her rounded, graceful figure whispered of a doolie strength; that she was as straight as a young pine; that her chestnut-brown hair caught the sunlight, and that her face was oval-shaped and handsome—rather than pretty—in spite of its tan.

Dale took off his hat. There was a bullet hole in the very top of its high-peaked crown.

"Who's the robber?" he frowned. The girl blushed.

"Mebbe he ain't a robber," she said. "Mebbe he thought you was somebody else. Anyhow, you ain't bad hurt, are ye?"

Dale smiled. "Oh, not seriously!" "You ain't likely to be, of ye behave yourself."

"If I behave myself—" Dale laughed. "Why, I couldn't be naughty if I tried; I'm the one and only man-mountain little Willie-boy! I wonder if I could put up at some house near here; eh?"

"The might be," she said, thoughtfully.

"Where?"

"At pap's, or grandpap's, or with most any o' my people; or," she added with a contemptuous twist to her lips, "you might stay with some o' them low-down Morelands."

"Where do you people live?"

"About six mile back that way," she pointed over her shoulder with a forefinger.

"Would you mind showing me the way to your parental domicile?"

"What's that, fo' goodness sake?" "Your home, you know," Dale explained with a smile.

"Oh, my home. Why didn't ye say so, then? No, I won't," she declared. Dale put his head down and rested his hands on his hips.

"Why, may I inquire?"

"Cause I won't. I don't never keep company with no strange men-folks. But yander comes By, and he'll

show ye the way; he's a-goin' over to the settlement."

Dale faced to the right and saw, coming toward him with steps that would have measured almost four feet, the tallest and lankiest individual he had ever seen outside a circus. The newcomer had a smoothly shaven chin, his coal-black hair was long and his long mustache completely hid the narrow slit that was his mouth. In one hand he carried a repeating rifle.

"Who's that?" Dale half-whispered. "That's By Heck," answered the girl. She continued in a low voice, "His name's Sam Heck; but pap, he called him 'By Heck' one day, and the nickname stuck to him like molasses. Everybody calls him that now, even the revenuers. By, he's the biggest eater, and the biggest liar, in the world! But his lyn' don't never do no harm, and nobody keers. So of ye want to go to the settlement, mister, By, he'll take ye over. They mebbe ain't got what you're used to fo' eatin', but ye'll be welcome to what the 'is."

She laughed a little, turned, and disappeared among the flowering laurels.

The man By Heck wore the poor clothing of a poor hillman. His hat, which had once been black, was all brim and yet all crown; his suspend-



"Cause I Won't, I Don't Never Keep Company With No Strange Men-folks."

ers, which had been bought with a 'coonhide, were redder than fire; his roundish cowhide boots seemed ridiculously short because of the great length of his slender legs.

When he had reached a point some three yards from Dale, he halted, placed the butt of his rifle carefully between his toes, and leaned on its muzzle; then he deliberately began to take eye measurements of the newcomer.

Dale didn't like the stare—to him it was impudent.

"Well, what's the verdict?" he asked sharply.

"Spoke like a man," drawled By Heck. "I reckon you must be up here a-lookin' fo' coal."

"How did you reach such a conclusion as that?"

"Jest plain hoss sense." The drooping mustache quivered at the words. "The 'ain't but three things 'at can bring a city man here, mister," he drawled on, "and them's moonshine, stills, bad health, and coal. You shore ain't got bad health, and you ain't got the cut of a revenuer, though a few minutes ago I thought mebbe ye was."

"And you shot at me!" said Dale.

"No," objected Heck. "I shot at yore hat. I a-lus hits at what I shoots at, mister. I wanted ye to turn yore face, so's I could see it, and ye did. As fo' that coal—"

"The Morelands, they owns the coal in David Moreland's mountain, and they won't sell it fo' no mount o' money. They lives over in the settlement, them and the Littlefords. They're every danged one fine folks. I'm a-goin' over thar now. Want to go long? Say—dang my picture of I didn't got to ax what might be yore name, mister?"

"Bill Dale," came quickly—"Bill Dale, Settlement!" Sure! Lead the way, By Heck. Whose the young woman I was talking with when you came up?"

"What? Her? That's old Ben Littleford's girl, her name's Bess. That's what they call her. She's not another name; but it ain't been used fo' so long it's been forgot, I reckon. She's the youngest one o' old Ben's children. She hain't like none o' the rest o' the Littlefords. By gosh, she's awful high-headed. She can read good, Babie can. Old Major Bradley, from down at Cartersville in the lowland, he spends his summers up here fo' his health, and he taught Babie how to read. Blue tel-

ler, Major Bradley, Lawyer. Babie she has done read everything in the whole danged country. The's several Bibles, and a book about a Pilgrim's Progress, and a Baker's Hoss and Cattle Almanack, and a dictionary.

"But we'd better light out fo' the settlement, Mr. Bill, or we'll miss dinner, mebbe. I'm a plumb danged foot about eatin'! I let twenty-two biscuits o' flour-bread this mornin' fo' breakfast, asides a whole b'iled hamshank, and other things accordin'. It's the dyn' truth! Come on, Mr. Bill!"

They went down to the creek, crossed it on stones, and began to climb the low cliff.

"After an hour's traveling Heck stopped in the trail and put the butt of his rifle to the ground.

"From right here, Bill," he said, "we can see every house in the whole danged settlement."

They were standing on the crest of David Moreland's mountain. Below them lay a broad valley checkered with small farms; and each farm had its log cabin, its log barn and its apple orchard. Beyond it all rose the great and majestic Big Pine, which was higher and more rugged with cliffs than David Moreland's mountain.

"The Morelands lives on this side o' the river, and the Littlefords lives on yon side," drawled Heck. "They don't never have nothing to do with each other, but they don't hardly ever fight; they're all strappin' big men, and they fights so danged hard it don't pay. My gosh, Bill, even man o' 'em cin shoot a gnat's eyelash off at four hundred yards—I wish I may drop dead if they can't! Do ye see that big cabin sight plumb in the middle o' the nigh half o' the settlement, Bill? Well, the boss o' the Morelands he lives thar—John Moreland. That's what you want to go, Bill, sence ye've got a one-year case o' the disease known as 'out-on-the-brain.' But I can tell ye aforehand, you ain't got enough money to buy that coal, don't matter how much money ye've got."

Dale was not looking toward John Moreland's home now. His gaze had wandered to the other side o' the river. By Heck waited a full minute for a reply to his speech, then he spoke again:

"The gyrl, or the coal—is that what's a-botherin' ye, Bill?"

Dale's eyes twinkled. "Must I choose between them?" he laughed.

"Shore!" By Heck wasn't even smiling. "Shore! The Morelands and Littlefords hates each other wuss nor a blue-tailed hawk hates a crow. The gyrl, or the coal, Bill?"

"We'll go down to John Moreland's," announced Dale.

The mountaineer took up his rifle. "Let me gi' ye a word or two o' warnin'," he continued seriously. "Don't you offer to pay John Moreland fo' eatin' his grub, nor fo' sleepin' in his bed, nor fo' chawin' his tobacco. Er ye do, yore goose will shore be cooked with John Moreland. But of ye was to lug on the stricks a little, John's wife a-bein' pow'ful handy in the kitchen, it wouldn't do a danged bit o' harm. Do ye understand it all now, Bill?"

Dale nodded, and they began the descent.

John Moreland's house was built of whole oak logs, which were chinked with oak splits and daubed in between with clay; the roof was of handmade boards, and a chimney of stones and clay rose at either end.

John Moreland himself sat on the front porch, and beside him lay a repeating rifle, two young squirrels that had been very neatly shot through the head, and a weary black-and-tan hound. He was an uncommonly big man, and about forty-seven; his eyes were gray and keen; his thick hair and full beard were a rich brown, with only a few threads of white. There was a certain English fineness about the man. One felt that he could trust John Moreland.

As the moonshiner and his companion reached the gate Moreland rose and pushed his hat back from his forehead.

"Hi, John," grinned Heck. "This here feller wants to stay with ye a few days, John. Seems to be all right."

"Come right in," invited the chief of the Morelands. He indicated the homestead chair he had just vacated. "Set down thar and rest a stranger. I'll be back in a minute or so."

He hustled into the cabin, carrying the squirrels with him.

"He's went to tell his wife to hatch up an extry good dinner, Bill," whispered Heck. "Pepper-cored ham, young chicken, hot biscuits, fresh butter, wild honey, huckleberry pie and peach pie and strawberry preserves—Bill, I can't hardly stand it. Blast my picture of I couldn't eat two whole raw dawgs right now, I'm that dinged hungry. Well, I got to ramble on home. I live down the river half a mile, and my maw. Come to see me, Bill, and we'll go a-fishin'. So long, Bill, old boy!"

John Moreland returned presently.

The man from the city rose and proffered his hand.

"My name," he began, old habit strong upon him, "is Carlyle—"

Before he could get any further with it, John Moreland flung the hand from him as though it were a thing of unspeakable contamination. His bearded face went deathly white with the whiteness of an old and bitter hatred.

His great fists clenched, and every muscle in his giant body trembled.

"What's the matter, man?" Dale wanted to know.

"Carlyle!" Moreland repeated in a hoarse growl. "You say yore name is Carlyle!"

"Yes," wonderingly, "but that's only a part of it. My name is Carlyle Wilburton Dale—Bill Dale. What's the matter?"

"Did you come from West Virginia?" sharply.

Dale gave the name of his home town and state.

"That's different." The mountaineer's countenance became lighter.

"This man I'm a-thinkin' about, he was from West Virginia. I hope you won't hold nothin' ag'in me fo' actin' up that way. I couldn't help it, shore it seems. You'll know how I felt when I tell ye about it, Mr. Dale. I owe it to ye to explain. Jest a minute—"

He stepped into the cabin and brought out another chair, sat down

(Continued on page three.)

H. V. Nickell Ed Day

ANNOUNCEMENT

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Mr. Edsel B. Ford, President of the Ford Motor Company, gives out the following statement:

"Another reduction has been made in the list price on all types of Ford cars and the Ford trucks to take effect immediately. The list prices, f. o. b. Detroit, are now as follows:

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COUPE	495.00
SEDAN	760.00
CHASSIS	345.00
TRUCK-CHASSIS	495.00
TRACTOR	625.00

"The big reductions last fall were made in anticipation of low material costs which we are now getting the benefit of, and this fact together with increased manufacturing efficiency and the unprecedented demand for Ford cars, particularly during the past three months permitting maximum production, have made another reduction possible immediately.

"Ford business for April and May 1921 was greater by 56,633 cars and trucks than for the same two months in 1920; in fact, the demand has been even greater than the supply, so that our output has been limited, not by unfilled orders but by manufacturing facilities.

"During May we produced 101,424 Ford cars and trucks for sale in the United States alone—the biggest month in the history of our company—and our factories and assembly plants are now working on a 4,000 car daily schedule for June.

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Our Aim: To tell the truth though the heavens fall.
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By L. T. Hovermale.



A SECRET TREATY.

The Harding administration is negotiating a secret treaty with Germany. Even the Senate is not being enlightened as to the terms. There is much restlessness among the Republican politicians at Washington over the action of the administration, and there are those who feel that the administration is making a grave mistake. That is on the Republican side. On the Democratic side there is a feeling of wonder and resentment over what seems to be a turning from our Allies in the world war and making overtures to the enemy.

The editor of a German newspaper

in New York, shortly after the election, stated that six million Germans voted for Harding. That is of itself very significant. And the making of a separate treaty with Germany, against the desire of every one-hundred-per-cent American in the country, makes the attitude of the Republican party look bad. The abandonment of the allies with whom we fought to defeat Germany and the entering into a separate treaty with that nation makes it look very much like an alliance with the Hun.

However, if the dearest enemy of the Republican party were controlling its course it could not have suggested a more disastrous course than it is pursuing. It is trying to foist a tariff on most everything that we formerly imported when there is nothing to import from the war torn countries, making the prices higher to our own people on life necessities. It is taking off the taxes from the ultra rich in the way of excess profits taxes and income taxes and putting the minimum lower on the amount that the moderately prosperous business man and worker must pay. Instead of allowing the big corporations that made billions in excess profits

during the war and since pay the war indebtedness the Republicans are trying to shift the burden to the farmer, the small business man and laborer.

But no one who has read the history of the Republican party is surprised at their attitude. The underlying policy of the Republican party is to do all for the big corporations and "big business," regardless of what becomes of the public. For more than two years the Republicans have had control in Congress and in that time they have not offered a single piece of constructive legislation, or suggested any remedy for the conditions confronting the nation.

Millions are out of employment, factories closed, business is stagnant, and the Republicans have not a remedy to offer. The farmer is getting scarcely anything for his products and the consumer is paying high prices for farm products after it leaves the farmer's hands. The Republicans have enacted a tariff law to "protect the farmer." There is little farm products to be imported and the tariff only enables the middleman to squeeze both the farmer and the consumer. To "protect" the consumer a high tariff has been placed upon the goods the poor man uses and already we see an upward tendency in the prices of things we buy—from the manufacturer.

But back to the treaty. If there has been an alliance entered into between this country and Germany by the Republicans it is safe to assume that the representatives of the six million German voters, who have made Harding's election possible, have seen to it that German business interests have not suffered in the trade. That six million votes is still held, like Damocles' sword, over the heads of the party that traded with them. They will need it in next election. When partisan prejudice fades and the people see that the Senate (Cubal) have used them to help them vent a petty spite against a great statesman there will be such a revision of feeling that the political pignies will be relegated to the limbo of oblivion and the name a great statesman will take its rightful place among the really great men of the nation.

hard to tell, even after this long time....

"David, he was a strappin' big man, like all o' the Morelands. He was about yore size, and grey-eyed like you, and he had brown hair like you. When you walked up to the gate, it made me think o' him the day he was married; he was all dressed up in dark blue like you.... Then David he went up here one summer and found this vein o' coal. He got lawfu' p'session o' the mountain, and moved his wife up here. The rest of us lived over in the Laurel Fork country then.

"One day I got a letter from David, which said that a man named John K. Carlyle was a-goin' to buy his mountain and the coal, and said that his wife was powfu' sick. A week later she died, and left a baby which died, too, accordin' to a old injun by the name o' Cherokee Joe, who knowed by yore and knowed David. And a month later we was all dragged from our beds by this same Cherokee Joe (telling us that Carlyle had shot David, Carlyle, Cherokee Joe said, was a-drinkin' hard. The injun seed the shootin' through a window.

"It was night 'nigh to three days later when we got here and found pore David a-layin' whar-he'd fell. We scoured the mountains fo' miles and miles around in a s'arch fo' the dawg who killed him, but we never found him.... The land up here looked purty, and it belonged to us by David's death so we all moved up here to live, and built us cabins.

"Major Bradley found out about the end o' my brother, and he wanted us to put the case in the hands o' the law. But we wouldn't do it. A Moreland never goes to law about anything. He pays his own debts, and he collects what is his due."

John Moreland arose and paced the porch floor, which creaked under his weight. He stopped before Dale, and went on sadly:

"Now ye'll know why I was so much tore up when I heered yore name, the Carlyle part. John K. Carlyle killed the best man 'at ever lived. And mebbe ye'll understand why we ain't never had the confidence to sell the coal, which cost Brother David his life."

Moreland's guest sat staring absent-mindedly toward a brown-winged butterfly

Or words to that effect



IT BEATS the band.
THE WAY this thing.
KEEPS POPPING up.
THE OTHER night.
I BROKE all rules.
AND READ a high-brow book.
AND HERE'S a hot one.
THAT IT handed me.
"MANY OF us find.
THAT TASTE affords.
ONE OF the fairly.
DEPENDABLE SATISFACTIONS.
OF EVERYDAY living.
AND IT seems.
UPON LONG reflection.
THAT SATISFACTION.
COMES CLOSE to being.
THE LONG sought.
"HIGHEST GOOD."
OF COURSE that isn't.
WRITTEN WITH the ease.
AND POLISH to which.

WE ARE accustomed.
BUT IT'S a mouthful.
AS YOU'LL agree if you.
JUST PUT it into good.
UNITED STATES, like this.
"SON, YOU'LL be running.
ON FOUR flat tires.
IF YOU don't hurry.
AND WRAP yourself around.
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The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

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(Continued from page two.)

heavily and crossed his legs, too, sat down.
"The mountain you had to come over to come here, Mr. Dale," Moreland began, his big voice filled with an old, old sorrow, "is known as David Moreland's mountain mostly because David Moreland is buried in the very highest place on top of it, him and his wife. He was my brother, and was the best brother a man ever had. It was allus the talk o' the neighborhood how much we liked each other. Up outel the time he was married I went with him whar he went, and in went with me whar I went. I'd fight fo' him, and he'd fight fo' me. It's



"Carlyle!" Moreland Repeated in a Hoarse Growl, "You Say Yore Name Is Carlyle!"

that was industriously sipping honey from the heart of a honeysuckle bloom. He gave no sign that he had heard anything out of the ordinary, but in an odd, persistent way his mind seemed to connect his father, John K.

Dale, with the story he had just heard. John K. Dale had come originally from West Virginia, and he had flatly refused, time upon time, to make any investigation of the Moreland coal property.

The hillman interrupted young Dale's thinking:
"Addie, she's a-goin' to have dinner ready purty soon. Would ye like to wash, Mr. Dale?"

"Yes," was the answer, and in the tones of Bill Dale's quiet voice there was a shade of meaning that Moreland did not catch. "Yes, I'd like to wash."

CHAPTER II

In the Cup.
Dale found the humble home of his mountaineer host a home in the fullest sense of the word.

At the noonday meal, he met Mrs. Moreland and the sons of the household, and they were exactly as he had pictured them. Mrs. Moreland was quiet, motherly, always smiling, as straight and real as her husband. The sons, Caleb and Luke, were as much alike as the fingers on your hands; they were tall and broad-shouldered, grey-eyed and brown-haired.

Before sundown Dale had become acquainted with the rest of the Morelands, and he liked them, every one. He was at the cabin of his host's gray old father and mother for a long time. When supper was over John Moreland lighted the big glass lamp in the best room, and the family and their guest gathered there to spend the evening. Then the flunky moonshiner and his mother came in.

Granny Heck had the sharp features and the stooped, thin figure of a witch. She wore a faded blue bandana about her white head, and she carried a long hickory staff; there was a red-stemmed clay pipe in her mouth, and her dark calico skirt had a tobacco pocket in it.

Her son preceded her into the room. He walked to the center table, faced about, and said with a low and airy sweep of his right hand:

"Bill, old boy, this here's maw. Maw, she tells fortunes."

"So this here," creaked Granny Heck, looking over the brass rims of her spectacles, "is Mr. Bill! Well, well! I jest thought to myself 'at I'd come up and see ye.... Mr. Bill, and tell yore fortune."

She dropped in'to the rocker that Caleb had placed for her.
"Addie," she said to the smiling Mrs. Moreland, "will ye bring me a cup half full o' coffee grounds?"

When the cup came, the fortune-teller took it and shook it and patted it, all the while muttering mysterious words that she had learned from the old Indian, Cherokee Joe—which served her purpose very well.

"I see," she mumbled more or less sepulchraly, "a powfu' good-lookin' gyurl in a caliker dress, with her hair a-hangin' away down her back. A bare-footed gyurl, with big, purty eyes. She's a-standin' on a low cliff, a-peepin' at you through the laurels, Mr. Bill. This is in the past....

"In the future," she went on slowly, "I see this here as plain as daylight through a knothole: a awful big man, with curly black hair and curly black beard, and with eyes like a cliff-hawk's; and I see you, top, Mr. Bill; and I see a fight, a master fight—Lord fa' mussy, what a fight! But yore maw marry the gyurl after all, Mr. Bill."

Dale laughed. The old woman had described Babe Littleford. But who was the "big, dark man"? Some fellow who had lost his heart to the mountain girl, perhaps.
When the Hecks had gone, John Moreland leaned forward and touched his guest on the knee.

"That thar big man mentioned in tellin' yore fortune," he said, "might ha' been Black Adam Ball. Black Adam, he lives with his pap and mother a few mile up the river. As big as a skinned boss, he is, and plumb on

godly strong. He's been a-beggin' Babe Littleford to marry him fo' a year or two, and she won't listen to 'em."

"Ef ever ye do haf to fight Black Adam," John Moreland went on, "ye want to fight him with a two-eyed shotgun and buckshot. He's the meanest man on earth; snake-broth and pizen vine is religious aside o' him. But ontel ye begin a-makin' love to Babe Littleford, I reckon the ain't no danger o' you a-havin' trouble with Black Adam; and you ain't likely, I take it, to make love to Babe."

"But Babe's the best one o' the Littlefords," declared Luke.

John Moreland reached for the leatherbound old family Bible. He opened the Book at random.

"It's about time we was a-goin' to our rest, and we'll go jest as soon as we've had prayers, Mr. Dale."

When half a chapter from St. Matthew had been laboriously but reverently read, the Morelands knelt at their chairs, and so did Bill Dale. John Moreland's bedtime prayer was very simple, and very earnest, and it had in it more of thanksgiving than of supplication. And a part of it certainly was uncommon—

"Bless the stranger with us here tonight, and all o' our kindfols, and all o' our friends, and our inimes, the Littlefords—specially the Littlefords Aymen!"

Dale was deeply impressed. He heard Mrs. Moreland dimly when she told him to let her know—she would hear him if he called—if there wasn't enough cover for his bed. Then he found himself alone with the stalwart chief of the Morelands.

He stepped forward and put his hand on the mountaineer's shoulder.

"How a man can go down on his knees and pray for his enemies," said Dale, "is entirely beyond me. Do you really mean it?"

"I try hard to," Moreland said quickly. "In a-doin' that," he went on, "I go Ben Littleford one better. Ben Littleford's the bell sleep o' the people who lives across the river from us, people we've hated fo' years and years. Ben, he holds family prayers, too, every night. He'd ax the blessin' o' the Lord on the stranger under his roof, but not on his inimes, the Morelands. Yes, I try hard to mean it, Bill Dale."

"And that other enemy," murmured Dale—and he wondered why that should bother him so much, why he should feel that vague responsibility about it—"the man who killed your brother, David—"

"I don't never pray fo' him," interrupted the mountaineer, going a little pale. "I hain't that high juffect. A man don't git so good 'at he axes the Almighty to bless the devil—or the rattler in the laurels, or the copper-head 'at waits under a bush fo' the passin' o' some bare-legged child."

Dale winced, but Moreland didn't notice it. Dale let his hand fall from the other's shoulder. Moreland began to speak again:

"I didn't tell ye afore, Bill Dale. My brother David, he was the hope o' his people. He was better'n the rest of us. The one big aim o' his life was to educate us all, the benighted. Yes, we're benighted, and we know it. He meant to do it with the coal he'd found. As I've done told ye, we ain't never had the heart to sell the coal. I hope ye'll have a fine rest, Bill Dale. I ain't a-goin' to call ye 'Mister' no more, Bill Dale!"

"Don't!" smilingly said the younger man. "'Bill Dale' is right, y'know. Good-night, John Moreland!"

Dale removed his shoes and outer clothing, blew out the light, and went to bed in the best room's hand-carved black walnut fourposter.
For a long time he lay there awake, and stared through a little window toward a bright star that burned like a beacon fire about the pine-fringed crest of David Moreland's mountain. He believed he understood now why his father had turned a greenish gray

when this coal property was mentioned to him. He believed he understood why his father had flatly refused to investigate this vein. But he was wholly at a loss to account for the use of his own given name instead of Dale.

Looking toward the mountain again, he spoke as though he were talking to David Moreland himself:

"Till see it through for you, old man. This shall be my country."

(This interesting and thrilling story will be continued in the next issue of the Courier. If you are not already a subscriber send in \$1.50 and have your name put on the list.)

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No classified ad accepted for less than 25 cents.

For Sale.

For information in regard to fine Scotch county, Ohio farms, see M. L. Ball, Cracker, Ky.

Deeds and mortgages for sale at the Courier office.

E. SKEIN JACKSON, KY. Electric Shoe Repair

We Fix 'em While You Wait
Parcel Post order
Prompt Attention
Give us a trial
Satisfaction

ALLIE WEAVER Attorney and Counselor

Practices in the Commercial and Collection

W. H. SKEIN Bank

JACKSON, KY.
Capital \$100,000
Surplus and Profits 210,000
Deposits \$1,400,000

N. H. WITHERSPOON, President,
W. R. SPAR, Cashier.
Interest on Time Deposits.
We solicit your business, promising prompt and courteous service.

First National Bank

JACKSON, KY.

RESOURCES.....OVER \$700,000.00

Sound, Safe and Conservative

We pay 4 per cent on time deposits

Money to loan on approved security

CHAS. TERRY, President,
BEN C. SEWELL, Cashier.

"OUR HOME IS YOUR HOME" WHEN IN TOWN

Come and see us and make yourself at home. Modern, Up-to-Date Buildings.

RATES REASONABLE

Commercial Inn

T. H. CASKEY, Prop.

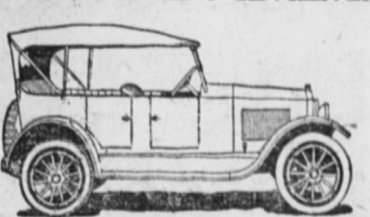
W. B. LARKINS THE LEADING JEWELER

L. & N. WATCH INSPECTOR

Repairing Promptly Done. When sending Watches and Jewelry for repairs, insure all mail packages.

Engraving Free when you buy from me. Look for the Sign of the Big White Watch.

Jackson, Kentucky



Announcing the new prices of the CLEVELAND SIX, a car built which exceeds the expectation of the most critical observer....Alive with power, economical in operation, easy to drive and the best of all, it is built for most severe service on rough roads. Its economy is quite as attractive as its new record breaking low price.

1921 prices as follows f. o. b. Cleveland:

Touring Car, 5 passenger, \$1,295
Roadster, 3 passenger, 1,295
Coupe, 4 passenger, 2,195
Sedan, 5 passenger, 2,295

4 inch Silvertown Cord Tires Standard Equipment.

WEST LIBERTY GARAGE & SALES CO.

Your Own Home

is your castle. That's where you'll want to take your bride and make your little nest. Begin now to save a part of your earnings and it "won't seem any time" until you have funds to buy some property and take your place as a substantial citizen.

Start a Savings Account With Us and Draw Interest on It COMMERCIAL BANK

West Liberty, Ky.

Capital and Surplus \$36,000.00
Resources, over 400,000.00

THE GROWING BANK.

We Pay 4 per cent on Time Deposits.

Floyd Arnett, President. C. K. Stacy, Cashier.
T. J. Elam, Vice President. Elsie Arnett, Ass't Cashier.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

IF FOLKS'D JEST RENEW THEIR PAPERS WITHOUT WAITING FER THEM TO RUN CLEAR OUT 'N STOP, I'D SURE SAVE US BOTH LOTS OF BOTHER



"NOBODY READS TH' PAPER - WHY SHOULD I ADVERTISE?" SAYS OLE EZRY GOODFIS, 'N THEN WORRIES HISSELF BALDHEADED BECAZ HIS COMPETITOR STARTS RUNNIN' AN AD!



IF NOBODY EVER SUPPED US ANY NEWS, WED NEVER HAVE ANY IN TH' PAPER - AND IF EVERYBODY ONLY WOULD, WE SURE COULD PUT OUT A NOBLE SHEET



SOME FELLERS MAKE MORE MONEY THAN TH' EDITOR, BUT I BET THEY DONT HAVE HALF AS MUCH FUN!



M. and Mrs. T. F. Carr, of Ezel, visited their daughter, Mrs. J. W. Davis, and son, O. P. Carr, last week.

Mrs. J. W. Davis and daughters, Ina and Ruth, paid the Courier office a pleasant visit Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Carr, of Ezel, and

Send the Courier to a friend.

Oldest in the United States!
Strongest in the World!
The Mutual Life of New York

If you want Life Insurance that really insures, and a policy that is liberal and protects, see

REN F. NICKELL, Agent,
WEST LIBERTY, KENTUCKY

EVERYBODY READS THE COURIER.

HAZEL GREEN BANK

If you have Money we want it
If you want Money we have it

HAZEL GREEN BANK
HAZEL GREEN, KY

Hargis Commercial Bank & Trust Co.
JACKSON, KY.

Capital and Surplus, \$110,000.00
Total Assets, \$1,000,000.00

Pay 4% on Time Deposits. Solicits your business on the basis of the most liberal terms consistent with sound banking principles.

Tired
"I was weak and run-down," relates Mrs. Eula Burnett, of Dalton, Ga. "I was thin and just felt tired, all the time. I didn't rest well. I wasn't ever hungry. I knew, by this, I needed a tonic, and as there is none better than—"
CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

"I began using Cardui," continues Mrs. Burnett. "After my first bottle, I slept better and ate better. I took four bottles. Now I'm well, feel just fine, eat and sleep, my skin is clear and I have gained and sure feel that Cardui is the best tonic ever made."
Thousands of other women have found Cardui just as Mrs. Burnett did. It should help you.
At all druggists.

GRASSY CREEK
Eld. and Mrs. T. H. Testeman and Everett Gevedon, their grandson, al of Mr. Sterling, are visiting friends and relatives on Grassy at this time also. W. A. Testerman, of Quickland, is visiting relatives at this writing. John M. Lykus and son, Carter, of Ashland, are visiting old friends in this section, but by special message J. M. returned and Carter remains here.
The object of the above mentioned in visiting at this time was to visit in the primary.
Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McKinney and little son and daughter, of Morehead are visiting Mrs. Francis Kilgore and Mrs. Maggie Nickell.

ANNOUNCEMENTS
We are authorized to announce D. F. ELAM, of Index, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November, 1921, election.

We are authorized to announce W. T. WARD, of Pekin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November, 1921, election.

We are authorized to announce REV. JOE HANEY, of Cannel City, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the general election 1921.

We are authorized to announce J. H. McGUIRE, of Pekin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November, 1921, election.

We are authorized to announce J. SILAS EASTERLING, of Index, Ky., as a candidate for member of the Board of Education of Morgan county, subject to the November, 1921, election.

We are authorized to announce J. W. RATLIFF, of Stacy Fork, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

We are authorized to announce W. O. PELFREY, of Joplin, as a candidate for member of the Board of Education, subject to the regular November election.

Eld. W. L. Gevedon has gone to attend the Ketchikan Association on the Eastern shore of old Virginia and will return via Enterprise Association which will convene with Hampshire church, in Greenup county, Friday, August 26, 1921.

Married, on the 11th inst, Mr. M. K. Gevedon to Miss Edna M. Russell, at the residence of F. M. Steele. The writer officiating. The bride is a daughter of Mr. Sam Russell, of Wolfe county, and a fine Christian lady of high attainments. The groom is a son of W. M. Gevedon, of Nickell, and is held in high esteem by all who know him.

The quarterly meeting at Goodwin's Chapel Sunday was practically a failure on account of the continuous rain. Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Day and family, of Winchester, are visiting relatives on Grassy at this time.

Well, the primary is over and we failed to get all that we wanted, but we decided to take just what they gave us and be contented. Hence there is nothing else for us to do, but to support the nominees for I think they are all worthy men.

FAIRPLAY.
From another Correspondent.
Warren Phillips, who has been attending Lexington college, is at home for a short vacation.

Rev. Robert McClure is on the sick list.
Mr. and Mrs. James McClure and family, of Leunut, are visiting Robert McClure and other relatives.
Mrs. Pomp Adams is very ill.
Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Ward and children, Hattie Lou and Carl, of Pekin, visited M. and Mrs. E. W. Day Thursday.

W. G. Williams, of Grassy Creek, was in town on Monday and called at the Courier office and renewed his subscription.



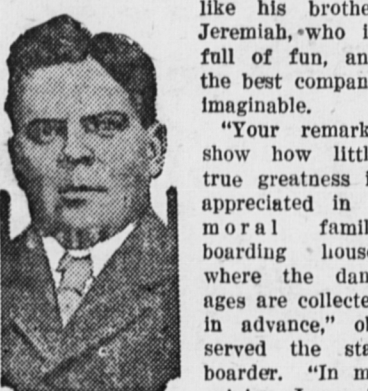
Heres Relief

Why suffer from nervousness, insomnia, hysteria, nervous dyspepsia, nervous prostration or any ailment due to a disordered condition of the nerves?
DR. MILES NERVINE
will give you prompt and lasting relief.
It produces refreshing sleep, builds up the shattered nerves and promotes a normal distribution of nerve force.
Your Druggist Sells It, Ask Him.

Uncle Walt's Story
Walt Mason

THE MODEL GUEST

"MY COUSIN James is coming to spend a week," announced the landlady, "and I can't say I'm overjoyed. He's the most unsatisfactory visitor I ever saw. You can hardly get a word out of him. He isn't a bit like his brother Jeremiah, who is full of fun, and the best company imaginable."



"Your remarks show how little true greatness is appreciated in a moral family boarding house, where the damages are collected in advance," observed the star boarder. "In my opinion, James is the model visitor. If I had my own household, with a charming bride to pour the imitation coffee, and a vine and figtree in a jardiniere, I'd send a special delivery letter to James, asking him to come and stay for ten years or more."

"There's something restful and soothing about that gifted man. He never bothers anybody. No one has to waste precious moments entertaining him. It isn't necessary to discuss the weather predictions, or dig up a lot of statistics about the crops. In order to make James have a good time. You don't have to show him the old plush photograph album, and describe the ancestry of the melancholy effigies whose pictures appear therein. Nearly all visitors are bores, my dear Mrs. Jiggers, because they have to be entertained. Somebody has to sit up with them and thrash out last year's gossip. They have no initiative or referendum. They have no resources of their own. In order to have a pleasant visit, they need help."

"Your cousin James is a man after my own heart. I remember his last visit quite well. He came in the evening, and after supper he took a chair on the porch. Knowing he was a guest, I felt it my duty to entertain him in the conventional way. I dragged my chair close up to his and remarked that it was a pleasant evening, but the presence of a cloud bank in the northwest almost convinced me that there would be rain within twelve hours, in which case, I proceeded, there would be much jubilation among the honest old farmers, whose crops were suffering for moisture."

"James listened to my remarks and then looked at me, in a sad, reproachful way, as though he thought I was a shameful thing that imbeciles should be at large, and then he took his chair to the opposite end of the porch without having said a word. I must confess that I felt like a counterfeited kopeck for a few minutes, but the more I considered the matter, the more I admired and respected that remarkable man."

"He used to go downtown every morning and buy a paper backed novel, or a fiction magazine, and then he'd read it all day, and when he was done with his literature he left it where the boarders could get it. I didn't hear him say ten words during his visit, yet you say, Mrs. Jiggers, that he is an unsatisfactory guest. Elderly landladies, whose intellects have been warped by long years of parsimony, are hard to please."

"Jeremiah, whom you describe as jolly and agreeable, should be suppressed. He has collected all the old cheese stories ever manufactured, and insists upon telling them. He has a horrible habit of making puns, and considers himself a humorist, because of it. You couldn't bribe him to sit down with a book or magazine and behave himself. He has to be entertained every minute of his time, and the only way you can entertain him is by letting him do the entertaining."

"He is a genial old fellow who thinks he is a privileged character, and everybody's pet. The last time he was here he went into my sumptuous apartment and used my razor to shave the southeast quarter section of his countenance. His whiskers are full of barbed wire, and the razor was ruined. When I spoke to him about it he thought I funny. Yet you refer to such a man as an agreeable visitor. I blush for you, Mrs. Jiggers."

In Moderation.
"Would you advise a candidate to stay on his front porch?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "but only part of the time; just long enough to take care of his voice and get together a good bunch of speeches for delivery on tour."

W. H. Gross, of Pomp, was in town on business one day last week and called in and subscribed for the Courier.

Print Shop Talk

ROWAN CIRCUIT COURT
Nell M. Young, Adm'r, &c.,
vs. NOTICES OF SALE

Leona Clay Young et al., Defts.

By virtue of a judgment and order of sale of the Rowan Circuit Court entered at the January term 1921 in the above styled cause, the undersigned will, on

MONDAY, AUGUST 29, 1921,

between the hours of 11:00 A. M. and 1:00 P. M., upon the premises heretofore described, proceed to expose to public sale, to the highest and best bidder, the following described property, to-wit:

"A certain piece or parcel of land lying and being in Morgan county, Kentucky, about one quarter of a mile from Wrigley, on what is known as the West Liberty road leading from Wrigley to West Liberty, and is known as the W. A. Young Camp Grounds, beginning at a set stone and small willow at the side of county road at the first bend before Young's camp; thence up the road S. 20 1/2° E. 12.78 poles to a stake at the top of the ridge of said road; S. 47 1/2° W. 6 poles to a stake at the upper edge of the road; S. 22 1/2° W. 4.33 poles to a stake at upper edge of road; S. 20 1/2° W. 20.9 poles to a poplar marked ("Y") on S. E. side of road; S. 31 1/2° E. 4.30 poles crossing town branch to a small black oak at mouth of hollow; S. 68 3/4° E. 25.7 poles to a small white oak marked "Y" in fork of hollow; thence up side of little point N. 77 3/4° E. 18 poles to two small dogwoods; S. 77° E. 5.15 poles to a hickory marked "Y"; S. 71° E. 14 poles to a black oak marked "Y" on main ridge; thence with ridge binding on John Elam's land; N. 26° E. 10.54 poles to a small hickory marked "Y"; N. 6 1/2° E. 4.24 poles to an old hickory corner; N. 5 3/4° E. 12.2 poles to another old hickory corner; thence down the hill N. 8 1/2° W. 4.7 poles to the beginning, containing 22.63 acres."

TERMS:
Sale will be made on a credit of six months; the purchaser will be required to give bond with approved security for the payment of the purchase money; to have the force and effect of a judgment; bearing legal interest from the day of sale, with lien retained on said property until all the purchase money is paid.

MARJORIE E. CAUDILL,
Master Com., Rowan Circuit Court,
CLAY & HOGGE, Attorneys.

Patronize
the merchants who advertise in this paper. They will treat you right.

Ohio & Kentucky Railway

EFFECTIVE

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1920

SOUTH BOUND										NORTH BOUND									
19	17	16	15	14	13	12	11	10	9	8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1	0	1
Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily	Daily
Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.	Ex Sun.
P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.
1:35	7:00	6:50	1:20	1:20	6:50	1:10	1:10	1:10	6:30	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
1:35	7:11	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
1:51	7:19	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
1:55	7:23	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
2:10	7:35	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
2:15	7:40	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
2:35	8:00	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
2:41	8:06	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
3:09	8:34	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
3:15	8:40	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
3:35	9:00	6:40	1:10	1:10	6:32	1:02	1:02	1:02	6:28	12:58	12:58	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40	6:10	5:54	5:48	5:40
P. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.	Lv. A. M.

Note that North-bound train No. 14 is Sunday only; Nos. 16 and 18 Daily except Sunday; No. 20 Daily. South-bound No. 17 is Daily except Sunday and No. 19 Daily.

Morgan County National Bank

OF CANDEL CITY, KY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS, \$ 50,000.00

RESOURCES, OVER 400,000.00

YOUR BUSINESS CORDIALLY SOLICITED

"HONOR ROLL BANK"

WE PAY 4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS.

M. L. Conley, President. Custer Jones, Cashier

Joe C. Stamper, Vice President. Bertha J. Leslie, Asst. Cashier

X - C - L - E - A - N - S - H - O - W - S - X									
J INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT J									
M The films shown at the West Liberty Theatre M									
C are high-class and instructive. Clean and C									
X Shows Eve ry Saturday Night X									
X J. M. Cottle, Proprietor. X									
H - I - G - H - A - R - T - F - I - L - M - S									

SPECIAL SALE

U. S. ARMY GOODS

Saddle Bags \$4.00, Postpaid

Riding Bridles, \$2.00, Postpaid

If you are not satisfied with the above goods

return them to us and your money will cheerfully

returned.

We also carry a complete line of Hardware,

Sporting Goods, etc.

Tell us your troubles.

COPE HARDWARE CO.

Jackson, Kentucky

Here's why **CAMELS** are
the quality cigarette



BECAUSE we put the utmost quality into this one brand. Camels are as good as it's possible for skill, money and lifelong knowledge of fine tobaccos to make a cigarette.

Nothing is too good for Camels. And bear this in mind! Everything is done to make Camels the best cigarette it's possible to buy. Nothing is done simply for show.

Take the Camel package for instance. It's the most perfect packing science can devise to protect cigarettes and keep them fresh. Heavy paper—secure foil wrapping—revenue stamp to seal the fold and make the package air-tight. But there's nothing flashy about it. You'll find no extra wrappers. No frills or furbelows.

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And remember—you must pay their extra cost or get lowered quality.

If you want the smoothest, mellowest, mildest cigarette you can imagine—and one entirely free from cigarettey aftertaste,

It's Camels for you.

Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.